

THE HORNET.

BY G. W. H. BROWN & W. H. TERRELL.

CARROLLTON:

TUESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1843.



"A LONG PULL—A STROUD PULL—AND A PULL
ALL TOGETHER—AND THE DAY IS OURS."

FOR PRESIDENT,

HENRY CLAY.

OF KENTUCKY.

Whig Bond-paying Ticket

OF MISSISSIPPI.

For Governor,

GEORGE B. CLAYTON, of Louisiana.

Secretary of State,

LEWIS G. GALLOWAY, of Holmes.

For Auditor of Public Accounts,

LUKE LEA, of Hinds.

For State Treasurer,

WILLIAM HARDEMAN, of Madison.

For State Senate,

COL. WILLIAM BOOTH.

For the House of Representatives.

T. S. AYRES,

A. HARDY.

THAT SAME OLD COON!!



The spirit of 1840!!

Huzza for the Patriotic State of

TENNESSEE.

This gallant State has gone for the Whigs with a perfect rush, and that same old Coon that used to rejoice so loud and lustily, in the glorious days of '40, when the Whigs gained daily victories over their loco-foco opponents, has again been the visitant inmate of every Whig log cabin in the noble State of Tennessee. A glorious victory, this. Little Jimmy Jones, the true-hearted champion of the Whig party of Tennessee, and the right hand friend of Henry Clay—the able expounder and supporter of a judicious Tariff and a National Bank, more than performed the high behests of a great party who had chosen him as their leader—as their valiant Captain. The indomitable and almost invincible James K. Polk was met at Philippi, and completely routed horse, foot and dragoons. And forever after this, he may be looked upon as one who has been thrown completely hors de combat!

In the year '44, the time of the approaching Presidential election, HENRY CLAY will carry the State of Tennessee, so sure as there is a God in Heaven. It will be a day of rejoicing and pleasing hilarity, to the American People. Henry Clay and his friends will have lived to see the bitter shafts of enmity changed to the mild glorifications of praise and genuine friendship. To have witnessed his bitterest enemies, who needed but a growl from the "old Lion" to bring them under his clutches, turned into enthusiastic supporters of his cause. In fact he will have lived to witness the change of thousands in this State—yes, those thousands ready and willing to do him homage, and repent for past wrongs unintentionally heaped upon his incorruptible head.

The Whigs of Tennessee were with James C. Jones, as that gentlemen was with Henry Clay. Said Gov. Jones: *He is our only choice! We are for him first—we are for him last—WE ARE FOR HIM ALL THE TIME!!* With this declaration to his constituents—with this declaration made to the whole world James C. Jones was willing to sink or swim—live or die. Thank God he has floated triumphantly through, and proved himself more than worthy the confidence and esteem of that noble band of Tennessee Whigs who put him in nomination.

The late result of the Tennessee elections, convince us that the people of that State are in favor of Henry Clay, a National Bank and a Judicious Tariff. The loco-foco party may attempt a denial of this fact, as they generally do every thing that don't exactly suit their odd palates. We will therefore give a few short extracts from the Address of Gov. Jones to the people of Tennessee. These same doctrines were spoken and promulgated by his Excellency in the many hundred speeches delivered throughout the entire canvass.

After speaking of the baneful effects of the Sub-Treasury, and the favorite and loved expression of Martin Van Buren, that "the People should take care of themselves and the Government of itself," and lashing the whole

fraternity of the Van Buren administration, Gov. Jones adds: "I hold the connexion to be too intimate to authorize the establishment of any system of Finance having the convenience of the Treasury only in view, and that the National Legislature is bound by every consideration of constitutional duty while providing facilities for the collection and disbursement of the public revenue, to provide, also, for the 'general welfare.' In other words, I believe it to be not less the duty of Congress to establish a NATIONAL BANK as the means of securing to the People a sound circulating medium of equal value from one extreme of the Union to the other, than to provide for the maintenance of the Government itself. The credit of the nation is equally involved in both."

We regret that it is out of our power to give at full length, the able views of Gov. Jones upon the Tariff question. After handing it in a masterly style and at some length, he draws near a close by using the following language: "I am for a Tariff for raising a sufficient revenue to defray an economical administration of the Government. In adjusting such a system, I would discriminate, to a reasonable and just extent, in favor of Home Industry and Domestic Manufacturers, holding it to be the duty of the Government (as in the case of a National Bank to which I have referred in this address,) while providing for its own support, to look to 'the greatest good of the greatest number.' Acting upon this principle, every President of the United States, from Washington to Jackson, were the advocates of the due encouragement of Home Industry, and in the course of their administration, signed and approved Tariff bills of Revenue and Protection. If Mr. Van Buren failed to do so, it was owing solely to the circumstance that the Compromise Act had not then expired, for on reference to his public course, I find no unwillingness, on his part, to support the very highest protection ever granted by Congress to Home Manufacturers, nor have I seen any thing from him since his retirement from office, nor since he entered the Presidential canvass as an aspirant to re-election in 1844, to authorize the belief that his opinions have undergone any material change since he voted for the Tariff of 1824, or the bill 'to legalize plunder' in 1828, though I confess it would be hard to tell from his recent epistolary demonstrations what policy he is for, or what against."

Thus it will be seen that the two great national questions which are so closely identified with the name of Henry Clay, and which would receive the warm approval of his administration, has received the warm and enthusiastic support of the hardy and enlightened voters of Tennessee. In other words it is a declaration that HENRY CLAY is the favorite of Tennessee against the world. He is their first choice—he is their only choice—he is their last choice—and he is their choice all the time!

The result of the election after being summed up stands thus: For Governor, James C. Jones' majority 4140 votes—one county to hear from which will increase this majority. The Congressional election in one District was managed badly. Two Whigs were before the people, in a good Whig district, and one loco-foco, consequently the one of the latter stripe was victorious. The Whigs have elected five members and the locos six. In the Legislature the Whigs have a majority of eight on joint ballot—three in the Senate and five in the Lower House. This secures the election of two U. S. Senators, and decides the completion of that body in favor of the Whigs. This of itself, is worth more than the whole Congressional delegation of the State.

All huzza for the gallant Whig State of Tennessee. Let us try and imitate her example in the approaching elections of our county and State. That same old Coon of 1840 is with us, and we need but make a powerful effort, and the day is ours. The victory of Tennessee must be kept fresh in the memory of every Whig, and we know they will do their whole duty, and nothing but their duty, in the hour of victory or defeat.

Of all the pitiful whinings which has come to our ear, for this many a day, we may set down those of the little pup—we mean that goggle eye, lousey-head, mange-looking specimen of the canine race, that sneaks about the rail press of Middleton—as excelling and being louder for an animal of his size, than any other young dog we have ever heard whine. The out-house editor, should take and roll his pet in a tub of soap-suds and water—the truth is, the 'creepin' vermin' have got in his head, and the boys of Middleton say, it has been of such long standing that the little fellow's ears are dreadfully plagued and mutilated by the destructive vermin—the master of the pup has been advised to take sticks and job in the ear and force them out, but his fear for the injury of a certain organ, drove him from this idea and to the harmless remedy of pouring one pint of tar in the ears. Since this operation his little pup has been on the mend and bids fair to get straight again.

GRIND PATRONS: I am truly sorry and deeply regret that sickness has thrown me prostrate for the last two weeks, and put it beyond my power to assist in the weekly issue of the Hornet. But the natural effects of providential interference, by sickness or other sore visitant afflictions, we cannot resist or hope to escape. At a time when my services could not be dispensed with, and the paper put forth weekly, I was seized by a violent attack of fever—but upon hearing the cheering news from Tennessee read, and a glorious and triumphant victory awarded to the indomitable and fearless champion of Whig principles—a victory to the man who preferred CLAY against the world—James C. Jones—I cry when I heard this soul-stirring and enlivening news, my case began to assume a different aspect for the better, and in a few days I hope to be able to battle manfully again in defence of the best interests of my country, and more particularly in the able to exterminate and visit it with a terrible scourge the holes and dens of that sect of men, who hold out the idea that a man can borrow money to-day, and refuse payment hereafter and forever, and yet be an honest man. I have not taken this long nap, though sick the while, without conjuring up many things that will sting, harass and expose the tergiversations of a polluted set of political harpies who have long preached honesty in a thief's garb. Sorely shall many be afflicted. The land shall be rid of evil doers, or the people must know who they are.

G. W. H. BROWN.

ALL HANDS TO THE BELLOWS!—The Pontotoc Tribune is certainly pregnant with something very big and weighty, and we think it at present propitious and prudent, that all loco-foco mess-mates lay hold of the bellows and blow until his delivery is reduced to a certainty. The worst that can afflict him, is *wind!* Is this not the same C. A. Bradford, who once figured so largely as a bond-payer, and flooded the State with his circulars, letting the people know that he was a democrat, and also that he thought it the duty of the sovereign State of Mississippi to redeem the last dollar, the last cent and the last mill, which might be brought against her. At the time of the issuance of said circular, Mr. Bradford was a candidate to fill a vacancy as Auditor of Public Accounts. He has openly, since that time, proclaimed through the columns of the "Tribune," his utter abhorrence and detestation for the cursed and detestable doctrines of repudiation. But a change appears to have come o'er the spirit of his dream, and we now find him pouncing upon the bond-paying loco-foco ticket, and skinning the nominees without mercy. We are as indifferent in the result of this fight, as the old lady who saw her husband and the bear clinched, we certainly don't care which are the victors.

We inserted in a back number a communication signed 'Rally.' This we find copied in the Tribune, together with our remarks accompanying it. More wise and knowing than any of its contemporaries, the Tribune says it "predicted this turn of affairs, so soon as the independent bond democratic ticket was announced at Jackson." That is, it was predicted that the Whigs would run candidates for Congress, and not support the loco-foco bond-paying ticket, which was put in nomination at Jackson. Well, friend Bradford, you're a prophet! Parson Miller is fairly thrown in the shade, never to rise again. Suppose we were to prophecy that you had eaten food last week, for the mere sustenance of life. You certainly could not consistently score us a fool, because we have as good a right as yourself to "predict" things. Did the Whigs attempt or effect a barter of their undoubted right to run candidates for Congress. If they did it has certainly never come to our knowledge. We have never heard of any one of our party being so base as to attempt this. True, there is some difference of opinion among our party, on this subject. Some think that we should let the election go by default—that it would be wrong in the Whigs, after declaring themselves believers in the district system, to turn round and elect by general ticket. All this may look a little like being the true doctrine, but upon a close examination, other important matters will suggest themselves, and convince the reader that it would be self-destruction for the Whigs of Mississippi to throw themselves prostrate, and let the loco-focos pass unpunished over the political ground. We expected this foaming rage of the loco-focos. They declare that the Whigs have done awful things—that they have trampled upon the dearest principles ever put forth and advocated by them as a party.

Others can speak for themselves, but for our part, when we find it impossible to get a fight with our enemy on fair terms, we deem it a wise move to gather in on him, use his own weapons, and thrash him till his own family shall not know his countenance thereafter. What will the prophet of Pontotoc give next, in his regular line of business. Certainly not a lecture to the Whigs, because forsooth they have had the impudence to run candidates for Congress!

THE FAMOUS BROWN.—We presume there are few of our readers but what have heard of or seen the immortal Albert Gallatin Brown, the anti-bond nominee for Governor. There is nothing about this gentleman so very prepossessing, except that he sports a flashy gold chain and an ungodly big pair of whiskers. Below, where he has been haranguing the people upon the curfew of bond-ism, it is said he is considered the wonder and astonishment of the present age. He is relating doleful tales of losses by the endorsement for Whigs in the Union Bank—cries and makes all sorts of faces—those who have seen the poor General in one of his "whig-beating-fits," declared him to be the prettiest model of human beauty, they had ever laid their eyes on before. The Whig nominee for Governor, Hon. G. B. Clayton, skins the General without mercy. He tells the people the amount Brown has borrowed out of the bank—shows them that it is to his interest to repudiate, as by the success of his detestable principles, the debtors to the bank will be entirely released, and all lawful process by which to enforce the collection of bank debts will be at an end.—Judge Clayton has made the famous Brown ery for quarters, at every meeting which has taken place between them.

The proceedings and address of a Whig meeting, held at Grenada, Yalobusha county, will be found on the first side of this day's paper. Perhaps some portions of said address, will be looked upon by many as being ill-timed and too severe in the detail of matters and things which might have been dispensed with. But in whatever way this may be viewed by others, we are certainly pleased with the address in the main. It is but another of the many moves made by the dauntless and patriotic Whigs of Mississippi, to secure to themselves and party, a banner under which to rally and concentrate the noble hosts of the State—defeat they prefer to fighting under polluted banners of loco-focoism and repudiation.—We are pleased to see that friend Tyler of the Pontotoc Register is with us heart and soul in this popular move. He has hoisted a Congressional ticket complete, with the names of Gen. Bradford, of Marshall county, Benj. F. Caruthers of Carroll, P. W. Tompkins of Warren and Mr. Armat of Adams. This is a good ticket—a whole team, provided each of the gentlemen will consent to run and will pledge themselves to canvass the State. It should be ascertained as soon as possible, whether or not the nominees already mentioned, will suffer their names to go before the people. The sooner this is known the better.

As we have entirely broken up the roost of a set who used to lodge in the Middleton office, we feel satisfied it will be an easy task to drive from the premises a little fox eared kur that still keeps making a noise about the old house in which it was left and deserted without protection. The people about Middleton complain, that the said mischievous kur, salies forth at times and destroys the hen-nests of the neighborhood. Provided our friends of that vicinity are inclined not to exterminate this saucy and pestiferous dog, we can assure them that if they will take an egg and throw it in the fire and let it lay until the hottest degree is upon it—then take it out and roll it over the hearth, and just as the little fellow makes a grab and gets it fairly in his mouth, nail him by the jaws and clamp them as tight as thunder until the egg gets cold—we say if this don't prove a radical cure, it may be asserted that we've got no veracity.

We have seen many a piece of impudence, but nothing of the sort equalling that of the Grenada Herald. It is all about the communication which appeared in the Hornet a few weeks ago, over the signature of Rally, and the few editorial remarks of ours, attached to the same. The Herald has made a bold move to frighten somebody, but it certainly cannot be ourself or 'Rally,' as its editor has long since been made acquainted with the fact that we were made of different metal, and never fell back from danger or responsibility, while duty or our honor were at stake.

Just so soon Mr. Herald as you wish to kick at ourself and 'Rally' do so, and if we don't brake your neck and throw you in the ditch, why then the material we have on hand and the signs of the times, will have fooled us prodigiously. You shall not be alone neither in your suffering. Alongside with you, shall be your bosom friend, blistered from heel to the crown of his head. Our pickle will be right for curing by next publication day. So make the threatened move if you dare.

We expect shortly to doff the ass of the lion-skin, and exhibit him ears and legs, straddled by a monkey—two manageries becoming united, will render the exhibition more interesting.—*State Advocate.*

This the Editor will do by stripping himself and taking the Printer on his back; but we must apprise him of the fact, that our monkey is better raised than to be caught in the company of "any such cattle."

In our last number, we stated that the Card of Messrs. Chisholm & Minter, which appeared last week, that they are survivors of the Messrs. Chisholm & Minter, intend to do a general receiving commission business during the season. We would be pleased to amount of business heretofore popular and well conducted firm, given to that of the people, and we know they would of justice, by receiving of a generous public.

There will be an examination of the Richland Academy on Wednesday the 30th inst. guardians are respectfully invited.

We ask an attentive perusal of communications, in to-day's paper, of a "Common Sense."

An American travelling in Europe to the editors of the New York he visited Persida, at Naples, in March, and was gladdened with the statue of Columbus, intended at Washington, which the artist would be finished in a few days, transportation. The writer has seen finer figures and more but no group more spirited. "There are," he adds, "two figures, a majestic form in full with a countenance lit up with a gleam, and leaning forward with a world. His right hand is elevated before him, with the palm upward, rests a globe—the world of his and present enraptured vision. The countenance of all are subdued him stands an Indian female with a body thrown back and her face dismay toward the triumphant which are blended in life like a prize, wonder and fear. The form is voluptuousness, and the face beautiful, and yet wholly Indian. I think, that her attitude is unnatural, respects awkward. But it is not one form or the other that I admire—it was the design. The two that attitude were a history—they great poem, the finest Columbiad was written."

The State Advocate suggests to the propriety of sending up one of our watch over the movements of the that concern.

With such a suggestion as this we have no intention of complying—adding, our *Hornet* would be condescend perform such duties as belong exclusively of a very different species—with we have nothing whatever to do.

The intimation that our paper is in an article which appeared in it is all State Advocate.

The translation of which is,—"Y black me,"—as the pot once said to coal.

We like very well the notions and of the Natchez Courier, touching the ter and standing and twistifications of Albert Gallatin Brown. The *Co* ways does up things in a Brown style, paper contains the following:

GEN. BROWN.

The vain gentleman has published in reply to remarks of Mr. Clayton Jackson on the evening on which, to Gov. McNutt, he so signally overthrew General. He gives a labored account indebtedness to the Union Bank, which called for, not at all necessary. Mr. Clayton did not object to the vain gentleman's edness to the Union Bank, but stated ing extremely likely he had paid his iness to the Bank, but if he had, which not doubt, he had paid it in depreper, of the Bank worth only 30 or perhaps only 10 cents in the dollar, and if he had so liquidated his indebtedness Bank, he could very easily afford to portion of the tax necessary to the of the Bonds; that he has no right to at all—and Mr. Clayton was certainly right in this. Mr. Brown certainly great weakness of mind in making statement as is contained in his letter replies to supposed statements, which Clayton never meant. And why did because he feels exceedingly mortified most shameful defeat in his discussion Clayton.

In order to give those unacquainted the transcendent talents and acquirements the General some idea of his powers, we the following "ELEGANT EXTRACTS" letter:

"Soon after the bank went into operation and obtained a small loan, which was exhausted in paying off an unfortunate endorsement for an absconding. "Of the amount of my endorsements, only this to say, that I was in the habit of endorsing for persons who asked me, distinction of party. The democrats saved me harmless and the Whigs generally let me suffer. If it was not agree-